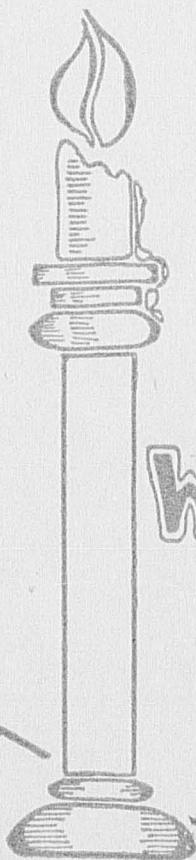


THE CLEAN



WINDMOOR

T. P. HELL

The Gleam

VOL. III.

Windmoor, Kansas City, Mo., June, 1925

No. 4

"Learning Christ"

TEACH me, my Lord, to be sweet
and gentle in all the events of life—
in disappointments,
in the thoughtlessness of others,
in the insincerity of those I trusted,
in the unfaithfulness of those on whom
I relied.

Let me put myself aside,
to think of the happiness of others,
to hide my little pains and heartaches,
so that I may be the only one to suffer
from them.

Teach me to profit by the suffering that
comes across my path.

Let me so use it that it may mellow me,
not harden nor embitter me;
that it may make me patient, not irri-
table;

that it may make me broad in my for-
giveness, not narrow, haughty and
overbearing.

May no one be less good for having
come within my influence. No one less
pure, less true, less kind, less noble for
having been a fellow-traveler in our jour-
ney towards *Eternal Life*.

As I go my rounds from one distraction
to another, let me whisper from time
to time, a word of love to Thee. May
my life be lived in the supernatural, full
of power for good, and strong in its pur-
pose of sanctity.

The Candleholder

"I will be a candleholder and look on."
—*Shakespeare*.

Spring and approaching summer never
fail to bring from all a new expression of
appreciation and somehow these never
seem hackneyed. Our campus is surely
an inspiration even to the most unob-
servant. The vast expanse of green, re-
lieved here and there by groups of flower-
ing shrubbery, and the bird haunt hidden
away in the center "wood" bid us wel-
come summer.

* * *

Not alone in the great outdoors has
Spring quickened the pace of life for our
activities have likewise felt the urge.
Preclosing rush descended upon us dur-
ing the past month and one event has
followed close upon another. An Ex-
pression Recital, a Graduation Musicale,
and a Living Picture Exhibit have
claimed three Sundays. Within the week
has been the Junior-Senior Prom, the
Junior College Orpheum party and tea,
the Fashion Show, the Junior Academy
Tea, and the Senior College Luncheon.
All this, our present "finals" remind us,
will soon be over and we will be living
under the arch of the nothingness of
vacation time.

Saturday, May 2, was May Day for

the College and Academy Seniors and
Homecoming for the Alumnae. The day
opened with Mass and Communion fol-
lowed by breakfast. A business meeting
and get-acquainted gathering ended in a
luncheon on the Campus complimentary
to the College and Academy Seniors. The
traditional Dairy Chain ceremony and
reception into the Alumnae closed a most
enjoyable day.

* * *

This year's study of *Hamlet* by the
College Seniors has been of more than
usual interest. Much deep thinking and
profound argument was caused by the
question as to whether Ophelia would
make a good wife for Hamlet. The
divergence of opinion was enlightening
as well as surprising. Not even the
perennial interest in things matrimonial
could account for the depth and scope
of some opinions, and the inevitable con-
clusion is that some of our young ladies
have their own ideas. Yes?

—*Genevieve Dillon*.

Farewell to Alma Mater

I am standing, looking outward from
your doorstep, Alma Mater,

Looking down the two long pathways
which are stretching out before;
One seems broad, so smooth and easy but
its curves soon fall in shade

And its roses seem to wither and dark
clouds hover o'er,
And my heart with fear does quiver and
my soul is troubled sore.

The other seems so straight, so narrow,
thorns I see and pitfalls deep.

It goes upward in the distance, clear
to Heaven past the blue,
But adown that narrow pathway comes a
shining kindly light

Revealing every thorn and pitfall, to
lead me straight and true
That light is thine, O Alma Mater, and
'twill guide me all life through.

—*Charman Coffield*.

To Saint Joseph's Elm

There's a tree standing at Windmoor,
An elm tree mighty and old.

It has stood the blasts of the ages
The ages that come and go.
It has known the grim, low seep of the
prairie,
And the yell of the savage band.

Like the elm be strong,
Do not bend to the wailing winds,
But stand staunch and firm,
Winds may come, winds may blow
But the elm tree stands alone,
A lamp by which to know
How God wished man to grow.

—*Mary Margaret Killiger*.

A Campus

In our memories of school days our
beautiful campus will be cherished by
many. On either side of our front en-
trance is a beautiful silved-leaved Russian
olive tree. Around the grounds is a low
green hedge. It seems that the dainty
silver leaves of the Russian olive trees
peep out of clumps of green trees in such
a manner that they win the admiration
of many. A wide walk winds from the
east entrance to the south entrance and
one part continues to the west entrance.
About the center of the front campus
there is a large circular driveway. With-
in the space surrounded by the driveway
are variegated and artistically arranged
flower beds. These are found here and
there on the campus, as are beautiful
clumps of shrubbery. The blackbirds are
there in scores and hop about gayly.

East of the driveway are fresh, young
green trees, and south of the main build-
ing are some stately pines. While poplar
trees, tall and graceful, add their charms,
too. Indeed, there are many, many beau-
tiful trees on these grounds. A flag
pole keeps guard before the academy and
to the left is a tennis court filled with
happy, laughing girls, and a little beyond
are the teeter-totters and swings. Oh,
yes, just above the tennis courts are the
athletic fields with sand-pits for high
jump and broad jump often occupied by
healthy, interested girls.

Twenty acres of beauty! The golden
afternoon sun casts its soft caressing rays
over everything. The birds give long
beautiful calls. It is a scene of beauty.
It is the campus of St. Teresa's Academy.
I have heard someone say that it is al-
most like a tiny bit of heaven.

—*Catherine Blizard*.

A Tribute

We have again come to the close of our
school year. During the course of our
young lives we have seen some odd eleven
such years slip from our grasp. I will
not make the great mistake so often
made by commencement orators and say
that the Seniors are sorry they are gradu-
ating and that the Freshmen are sad at
the thought of vacation—but I will say
in the name of our Freshmen class that
we have enjoyed a most pleasant year at
Windmoor during the term just ending
and that the Freshmen unanimously agree
that it was all made possible by the close
associations with the generous Seniors.

—*Mary E. Van Hee*,
Pres. of Freshman Class.

Maureen Honan: "Papa, what makes
a man always give a woman a diamond
engagement ring?"

Mr. Honan: "The woman."

The Gleam

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Editorial

How crowded these last days have been! It is only now that we are realizing that these are our very last days together as students. Every minute seems filled with teas, luncheons, shows, vacation arrangements, graduation, and all the thousand and one things girls have to do. How many times a day one hears "On, come on, let's do it altogether just for this one last time," and "What will we be doing and where will we be next year this time?" Graduation is the time when youth thinks those long thoughts so often referred to. Each one of us is wondering what life has in store for her. No matter what it brings there is never anything that quite takes the place of one's class and all the jolly good times we have had together. No other organization ever gives you quite that sense of allied spirit. We are sorry to leave—we admit we are more sorry than glad. We have worked well together and we have played well together and we can wish nothing better for classes coming after us than that they pull together and push together as the two Senior classes of 1925 have done.

Fructus Inter Folia

Scintillating humor colors the truth in Rolland Young's *The Audience Can Do No Wrong*, that May's *Scribner's* offers us. The little faults that are so disconcerting to both actors and auditors are discussed by Mr. Young with such reality of style that we are sure he has "listened in" on our very own after-theatre complaints.

In the recent issue of the *Extension Magazine* our interest was much aroused by Rev. E. J. Guinness' article "It All Depends," in which the effects of Christianizing the pagan world is discussed. Father McGuinness' refutes the erroneous opinion that the multiple of dissent-

ing creeds only tends to confuse the pagan mind. The great problem in the Philippine Islands is stressed in its importance because of the political situation; so also is it in other countries; hence even from a political viewpoint we cannot be impervious to the need of proselytizing pagan lands.

Gamaliel Bradford in May's *Atlantic Monthly* gives us a fascinating account of one of America's most brilliant women, Theodosia Burr. Her picturesque, sudden and tumultuous life is of interest from a romantic as well as an historic viewpoint. As the great granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, the daughter of Aaron Burr, and the wife of a governor of South Carolina. She was most intimately connected with the hurly-burly politics of our early United States. To the last, this brilliant and intelligent woman loved her father with passionate tenderness despite his many errors. Mr. Bradford says: "Surely a peculiar and exquisite tragic pathos is infused into her love and loyalty by the very worthlessness of the object, as so often happens in this troubled and unequal world."

The editorial, "Strenuous Idleness," in the May 9th issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* begins with this quotation from Thomas Love Peacock's preface of the new edition of *Melincourt*: "The progress of the intellect, with all reference to those who believe in it, is not quite so obvious as the progress of mechanics. The 'reading public' has increased its capacity of swallow, in a proportion far exceeding that of its digestion. Thirty-nine years ago, steamboats were first coming into action, and the railway locomotive was not even thought of. Now everybody goes everywhere, going for the sake of going, and rejoicing in the rapidity with which they accomplish nothing. Strenuous idleness drives us on the wings of steam in boats and trains, seeking the art of enjoying life, which, after all, is in the regulation of the mind and not in the whisking about of the body."

Seventy years have passed since the above was written and each year has verified the truth contained in the paragraph. We are slaves of transportation, of its opportunities as well as its necessities, and with every extension of the power to move the body or the voice a new perplexity is laid upon whoever would regulate the mind to due adjustment with its environment. "Science has overreached itself in providing means for expansion without control—new food without capacity to digest it."

—Genevieve Dillon.

Good-Bye!

Since the 1925 Gleam Staff has been composed chiefly of Senior College girls we want to tell you in this, the last issue of *The Gleam* we can ever supervise and edit, how much our heart and soul has been in this paper. Wholehearted, sincere interest will do more for a school paper than anything else and we have given it our utmost in that line. *The Gleam* means more to us than to any other class in school possibly because the Editors of the past three years have been chosen from our class. We have had many demands on our time this year, so many that we feel we have not given *The*

Gleam what it deserves, still we have done our best. To you who remain here next year we are leaving *The Gleam*. You can keep it in the front ranks of Missouri College papers if you choose or you can let it slip until it is worthy of no recognition whatever. We are sincerely asking that you give of your energy, interest, talents and ambitions to make *The Gleam* a success next year. May it mean as much to you as it has meant to the present Editor and Staff.

Happy Day

"Really," she said, "I've never enjoyed such a wonderful day as this one has been. Often I've sighed, positively sighed for a long visit at S. T. A. and a good talk with all my classmates and school girl friends. And then when that invitation came to attend the annual homecoming and Alumnac reunion, I was fairly overcome with joy."

"I'll tell you about it. For a long time I planned on the Second of May Homecoming Day at St. Teresa's. Who would be there? How many of my teachers, and how many of my classmates would I have the pleasure of seeing—all at the same time? Would the school itself be much changed? How well I remember the locker room where we had such fun meeting and exchanging confessions. And the bowling alley!—did I remember how we used to disturb the dear Sisters by rolling the balls down the alley just at their meal time? Youth delights in mischief and pranks. Many were the remembrances that flitted through my mind when I recalled those school days."

"Finally the Second of May came and I have not been in the least disappointed. Things turned out even better than I had anticipated. Wasn't it fun to see the Sisters and girls again? Wasn't it delightful just to roam through the halls and classrooms with arms linked through schoolmates' arms—but with a mind free from expected exams and the next day's classes? And the welcome we received! Everything was so homelike and everyone made us feel so welcome. The scheduled events were most entertaining and into my heart came a sweet light feeling of contentment and peace."

"No wonder," she said, "I enjoyed that day. I am already planning for the Second of May in 1926."

—Frances Helm.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ross announce the engagement of their daughter, Helen, to Mr. Robert T. Stokes. The wedding will take place in October.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Record are at home at 405 Fifth Avenue, Leavenworth, Kan. Mrs. Record was formerly Miss Florence Muehlebach of the Class of '21.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Korty announce the birth of a daughter, April 7, whom they have named Mary Martha. Mrs. Korty was formerly Miss Ruth Purcell, '20.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Margaret Morley, '22, to Mr. Bernard Zahner took place at the Visitation Church, Wednesday, June 10.

ALUMNAE FLICKERINGS

HOMECOMING DAY A GREAT SUCCESS

The first annual homecoming day of the St. Teresa Alumnae was celebrated on Saturday, May second. The Academy chapel was filled with old graduates participating in the first event of the day, Holy Mass and Communion. The breakfast tables neatly arranged in the Refectory were crowded with Alumnae glad of an opportunity to meet old school friends. Mother Pius welcomed the girls formally by a short address concluding with a suggestion that each girl present rise and state her name and the year of the class with which she graduated. Following the individual introduc-

tions, our President thanked the Alumnae for its co-operation and good will.

At 10:30 a business meeting was held in the Study Hall. The minutes of the past meeting were read and a financial report was submitted to the secretary and treasurer respectively. Old and new business was discussed openly and plans for the future were satisfactorily begun.

Luncheon was served on the campus in honor of the graduates of the college and academy. Dainty boxes of yellow and white, filled with sandwiches, cakes and salad were served and coffee and ice cream were passed among the guests.

At two-thirty o'clock the graduates were formally received into the Alumnae. This ceremony is a new one which we hope to make traditional in the annals of our Alma Mater's history. The graduates marched in single file to the foot of a throne on which the President of the Alumnae was seated. As each girl reached the throne, her name was announced and she knelt and was crowned with a wreath of daisies. She then moved to a little table nearby to inscribe her name in the Alumnae record. This beautiful and impressive ceremony closed the events of the day.

Heard at Reunion

Mrs. Edward Hauber of Kansas City, Kans., is at home after three weeks in the Providence Hospital. She is doing nicely and sends greetings to the Alumnae.

* * *

There will be a state meeting of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae here next fall. The date will be announced later.

* * *

The series of Alumnae card parties will be discontinued during the summer months. A notification will be sent to each Alumnae concerning the next card party.

* * *

Miss Olive Dixon, '14, has entered the advertising world. She has recently begun business for herself.

* * *

Miss Muriel French, '21, is now living in Crowley, La. She attended the University of Louisiana.

At Evening

Edward E. Simmons' "Tired Out" is an unusual subject. The picture is done almost entirely in black and varying shades of brown. The scene is very evidently the interior of a field-worker's hut in Holland. Deepening twilight softens outlines and dims all but the central figures, a mother and her baby son. The box on which the mother rests, and the rude bed in which the little boy sits are the only objects of furniture visible.

The mother has been peeling potatoes, but too much exhausted from labor to prepare the evening meal, she has allowed the knife to fall to the floor, and rests her tired head on the bedside. The peeled potatoes lie unheeded on her coarse apron, and the peelings are slipping unnoticed to the grounds. We see her wooden shoes, her rough, dark, homely dress, and the gray shawl about her shoulders. There is nothing beautiful in her large figure, but we linger long to look at her strong, expressive hands, which also are listless in the deadening stupor. Somehow we are made to feel the woman's great love through these passive hands, one of which lies on the cover near her baby. Just as the hands suggest beautiful sentiments, the drooping head sug-

gests the utter weariness of the peasant toiler.

But what a wistful worshipper is the tiny boy! He sits there in bed with his chubby hands resting on the cover, looking at his mother. In the gathering dusk we see his eyes only as misty, dark wells of love and compassion. How he yearns to help that dear mother who lies there so weary.

Because of the beautiful sentiment it portrays, we will long remember the painting.

—Nellie Widman.

Be a Person!

Professor T. H. Green in his Oxford lectures used to say: "Be a Person," and even urged his hearers to accept this as a moral ideal. The great need of individuality is never more evident than when a large group of pleasure-seekers gather in public. For instance, what a conflict of thoughts and sensations are conjured up by the scene in a ballroom of a large hotel! Only then can one fully realize what sedulous apes most of us are, and sense the real pathos of trying to be what we can not. Etched against the background of real youth are the counterfeit "young-old" men and women, who, like puppets, jerk in attempted rhythm with the syncopated strains of the music of another generation. In postures made more grotesque by their apparel, they appear in that garish jumble of position and color best expressed in futuristic art. In speech likewise, spontaneity is repressed and imitation is supreme. Above the rumble one can hear the hackneyed and stock phrase labeling everything; there are many echoes but few voices.

The native hue of life has been sicklied o'er by the pale course of imitation which is surely the greatest epidemic we of the United States have encountered, for a nation submerged in mediocrity is surely a nation diseased.

—Genevieve Dillon.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Just above the trolly car,
If the car should jump the track
Would I get my nickle back?

—University of Wash. Columns.

* * *

If the College girls don't speak to you,
they aren't snobbish—they're just sleepy.

Library Notes

And now comes the Library's chance to rest also. No more mad searches for last minute references, no more *Glean* consultations about its study tables—no more firm remonstrances against infringements of the silence decree—no more for three whole months until a new crowd of chattering healthy girls enter its door. We already have these new books to help those very girls next September:

The Mind at Work—Lyman.

A Chapter in American Education—Baker.

Epitome of History and Principles of Education—McEvoy.

Principles of Education—Corsault.

Literature and Life, 4 Vols.—Greenlaw-Miles.

English Literature—Bates.

The Mass—Dunney.

School and College Credit for Outside Bible Study—Wood.

American Private Schools—Sargent.

On Culture and a Liberal Education—Bennett.

Wordsworth—10 Vols.

Mission Notes

On Friday, May 22nd, the Saint Teresa Mission Unit held the last meeting of the school year. Reverend Father McKay gave a very inspiring talk on the "Propagation of the Faith." The talk was made very interesting to the members by Father's description of the life and work of the Little Flower with regard to the Mission work.

Following Father's talk a short program was given as follows:

Serenade Schubert

Mary Randolph

Kathleen McDonald

Foreign Mission Dancers:

Helen Kramer

Betty Williams

Marian Newcomer

Frances Rousin

Roses Kilmer

Catherine Muehlschuster

THANK YOU!

The Staff wishes to particularly thank Lucille Smith and Charmian Coffield for their contributions to the Tid-Bit page during the year, also Catherine Dever for her assistance in detail work.



COLLEGE GRADUATES OF 1925

Upper Row—GENEVIEVE DILLON, MARIE STRAUB, WILLIE MAE BROWN, MARY LOUIS ROSENBAUR.

Middle Row—MARION GRADY, MARY RANDOLPH, HELEN GRUNEAU.

Lower Row—HELEN REE HONAN, MAUREEN HONAN, MARGARET PINNELL, KATHERINE ROSE DIERKS, KATHLEEN McDONALD.



ACADEMY GRADUATES OF 1925

Upper Row—DALIA ANN RHES, MARGARET PINNELL, MARY MARGARET CONNOLE, JOSIE LORSON, CATHERINE DUGAN.

Middle Row—NELLIE WIDMAN, KATHLEEN SODEN, EVA CONNER CATHERINE DEVERS.

Lower Row—CATHERINE BLIZZARD, BERNICE PEARSON, MARCELINE PENDERGAST, CHARMIAN COFFIELD.

Graduation

Whether graduation means the agony of choosing just the right frock or the all-absorbing question of whether to have a permanent or merely a marcel for the occasion, every girl will admit that graduation is a serious event in her life.

Commencement! What a different thought it brings to each of us. To some it is the beginning of a plunge into a career, profession, or vocation for which they have been patiently preparing during their school days. To others it means the continuation of education in a new school, with new associates, and new instructors. To some it means the beginning of a participation in social affairs with all the pleasure of modern society.

But to all of us it means a time of sadness at breaking old ties, at leaving behind the kind advisors of our past, and the school in which we felt we were a part of a useful whole. And yet, with the zest of youth we are looking forward to new adventures, new pleasures and new work. For we know that the old school has given us the inspirations for our future, the hope and courage to meet the difficulties which may arise, and the ideals which we will hold through life.

—Helen Gruneau.

History of 1925 Academy Class

When the St. Teresa Academy bells started ringing in the fall of 1921 six girls of the present Senior class answered the call. Unfortunately the other seven were not destined to join this remarkable class of thirteen in that year. The six initial members of the class were Margaret Pinnell, Marceline Pendergast, Kathleen Soden, Bernice Pearson, Josie Lorson, and Nellie Widman. In 1922 our famous academy attracted two more girls to our class, Eva Conner and Delia Ann Rhea. The fall of 1923 added three more girls to our ranks, Mary Margaret Connole, Catherine Blizzard and Charmian Coffield. Catherine Dugan and Catherine Devers came in 1924, making the number thirteen for graduation.

Some would have shuddered, but the Seniors are good sports and straightening their shoulders turned thirteen from an unlucky number to a lucky one. As far as a class can be congenial and united we have been and are the most united class in existence. This resulted in the reward of having it a historical fact that

whatever the girls of 1925 did, they did well and made a success of it. We are quite an escapading class, but take our reprimands as soldiers.

This lucky class points with pride to the accomplishment of its members. We have prima donnas, harpists, pianists, artists, athletes, authors, playwrights and dance composers. No wonder, see how well our cerebrums are developed. I myself, feel that I would have given my future trip to Scotland to see that remarkable "Bull Fight," which the class presented as a unique entertainment in 1922. Our class introduced the original and enjoyable idea of the outdoor wiener roasts as a source of entertainment.

After four years of friendship, social activities, and pleasures, the memories of which are beautiful and happy, we stand at the threshold of graduation. St. Joseph placed upon the beautiful pedestal, our parting gift to the Academy, serves as a memento of the class of 1925.

Our graduation should not necessarily terminate our pleasurable companionship. So I hope that our unity will last forever.

—Catherine Blizzard.

Prophecy of Class '25

You ask me girls, what has the future in store for each of you. Only the mind of a clairvoyant such as you consider me to be may unfold to you the future's hidden treasures. But since you wish it I shall endeavor to show you, each member of our Class '25, as I in fancy see them ten years hence. Lend me your imagination for a brief space and I will permit you to see through my eyes, the eyes of a clairvoyant, class '25 as it is in '35. These pictures will be but subjective images, yet so distinctly will you see them that you will be convinced that they are objective realities.

Lower the lights if you please. In imagination drift with me through ten years of interesting time. Behold!

SCENE I.

The President of the National Federation of Social Service Clubs. She who was once the shy, retiring, anti-suffragette, president of class '25, now a leader of the dauntless, social workers of the nation—Genevieve Dillon.

SCENE II.

Everybody's darling in 1925, an old man's darling in 1935. Allow me to present to you the newly wed, Mrs. Josiah Evermore, formerly known as—Willie Mae Brown.

SCENE III.

You need not the eyes of a clairvoyant to tell you what your bodily eyes always see—Marion Grady—determined by nature and grace to become the greatest Shakespearian actress on the stage—Ellen Terry III.

SCENE IV.

Though time and the duties of a pedagogue have contrived to furrow the noble brow, you will no doubt recall the rapturous hours spent with the dictionary and the encyclopedia in the Senior Study Room, recognize beneath the spinster garb the teacher of ten years—Mary Randolph.

SCENE V.

I need not tell you that the monogram S. T. C. no longer signifies Saint Teresa College, but the Senior's Travelers Club for elderly ladies. You have a faint remembrance of the flowing vocabulary while at school so will recognize in its directress our former classmate—Helen Greneau.

SCENE VI.

Oh time! what secrets thou dost reveal. Dear friends, can you believe the sight of a clairvoyant? If so recognize in the person of Sister Bonaventure Paschaline our once mirthsome companion—Kathleen McDonald.

SCENE VII.

This need not alarm you—a score of years has not succeeded in robbing Marion Pinnell of her maidenly dignity and human consideration. Finding that there were many girls who knew very little about household sciences Marion organized classes of domestic science, sewing and household economics.

SCENE VIII.

Be pleased to recognize in this present orator a former classmate. It is mainly due to her eloquent and tireless energy that world prohibition of laughing, tobacco, tea and coffee have become permanent. Future generations will owe an eternal debt of gratitude to her noble liberation—Helen Ree Honan.

SCENE IX.

You must behold through the medium of my eyes—words fail me here. Become acquainted again with our once timid, demure companion—now the renowned artist—Mary Louise Straub.

SCENE X.

Is but the briefest of the most actual life of the famous naturalist. These are a few newly discovered species to be added to her collection. Her love of

Senior College Class of 1925

NAME	CHARACTERISTIC	SECRET AMBITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Helen Ree Honan	most religious	to own a Bunny farm on Meyer Blvd.	"Oh, Mrs. Aster's plush horse."
Marion Pinnell	most musical	to be a teacher in a deaf and dumb school.	"Why sure."
K. McDonald	the wittiest	to be a tea sampler.	"Ye gods and purple fishes."
G. Dillon	most fashionably dressed	to flit buckwheat cakes in Child's front window	"That slays me."
H. Gruneau	most imaginative	to be the Olympic swimming champion.	"By Jimmy."
M. Honan	most evenly balanced character	to travel with Waring's Pennsylvanians.	"I dunno."
M. L. Rosenbauer	most athletic	to develop womanly charm.	"How dumb."
Marion Grady	most graceful	to reach Willie Mae's shoulder.	"That's a heavy number."
K. R. Dierks	most beautiful	to play left end on the Princeton football team	"My heavens."
Willie Mae Brown	sweetest disposition	to rival Nita Naldi.	"Oh, hang."
Mary Randolph	most efficient	to marry Ricardo Cortez.	"My cow."
Marie Straub	most versatile	to pose for Coles Phillips.	"Really, how queer."

analytical research and science dates from her active participation and industry in the Botanical laboratory at S. T. C. Nature undoubtedly has wondrous charm for the famous specialist—Katherine Rose Dierks.

SCENE XI.

Here you see the development of a thought which was most prominent in school days. Abandoned among her hat boxes of her millinery possessions, she designs all Paris hats. Love of designing always attracted the attention of—Mary Louise Rosenbauer.

SCENE XII.

Must be a blank for it is not given to the clairvoyant to see her own future.

Backward, turn backward,
O time in your flight,
We're still at St. Teresa's,
Please turn on the lights.

The Senior Poetic Photography

Catherine Blizzard—Success awaits at Labor's gate.

Eva Conner—Launched but not anchored.
Charmian Coffield—Independent ever, neutral never.

Catherine Dever—Simplicity, sincerity and service.

Mary M. Connole—A precious stone set in a silver sea.

Josie Lorson—Still climbing onward.

Catherine Dugan—Gently to hear, kindly to judge.

Margaret Pinnell—A fair show and a square deal.

Bernice Pearson—Be friendly and you will always have friends.

Marceline Pendergast—A rose with all her sweetest leaves unfolded.

Delia Anne Rhea—All for each and each for all.

Kathleen Soden—Not that I love work the less, but I love fun the more.

Nellie Widman—Whose voice washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life.

—M. M. Connole and C. Dever.

Art Department

The Art Students' exhibit was opened to the public last Sunday, May 24th. It will continue until Thursday, June 4th.

* * *

From the portfolios which had been submitted for final inspection, the best drawings were selected and placed on the exhibition boards—these include sketches in pencil, charcoal, crayon, water colors. There were also studies from casts, still life, drapery, flowers and fruit. Some unusual poster work was also shown.

* * *

There were also a number of good reproductions in oil and water color. The Corn Ceremony after Couze deserves special mention. It is a splendid reproduction and was done by Miss Mildred Pearson. Some lovely flower pieces from nature by Miss Lorene Soden and Miss Billie Bellport are exceptionally attractive.

* * *

In the china department there is shown some beautifully painted sets by Miss Kathleen Soden and Miss Berenice Pearson. There are also a number of vases and other pieces that are evidence of

good, earnest work and ability on the part of the students.

* * *

The principal poses in the Living Picture Exhibit were posed by the Art Students and the backgrounds were painted in the studio by Sister Natalie. The costumes were planned and the general stage settings were arranged by the Sisters and some of the art students. As a result of such generous co-operation, the exhibit was a great success.

Around the Circle

The Missouri Federation of Music Clubs sponsored an elimination contest on Monday, April 6. Those who were winners in this contest by rendering three piano selections and attaining a certain average became participants in the State contest in Moberly, Saturday, April 18. The Misses Virginia Kable and Dorothy Hackett, registered in Division D, and of this department were designated to take part in the State contest, but the former on account of illness was unable to attend. Miss Dorothy Hackett participated and indeed won much praise. Let us congratulate you, Dorothy, on your splendid work, a consequence of constant effort and practice.

* * *

On Friday, April 24, a reception to all those who passed the elimination contest was held in the Hotel Muehlebach. Dorothy Hackett and Virginia Kable were presented certificates as an indication of unusual ability in music.

* * *

The students of the Voice Department were assisted in their recital on Wednesday, April 29, by the Violin Choir. To say that the selections were appreciated and well rendered is needless for the hearty applause given them is sufficient proof.

* * *

The music students have not shirked their duty in the preservation of Kansas City's first music week. Every day of the week witnessed a different musical feature.

SUNDAY, MAY 10. Miss Helen Ree Honan upheld the honor of the department by assisting in the Expression Recital with the scholarly rendition of MacDowell's *To a Water Lily* and Chopin's *Valse*.

MONDAY, MAY 11. A third student recital was given by the Sophomores. All the girls displayed excellent talent which was gratifying to parents and teachers.

TUESDAY, MAY 12. The younger members of the department surprised us with their musical ability as exhibited in the recital. The Rhythmic Orchestra, a special feature, seems to be rapidly accomplishing the purpose for which it was organized.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13. The music classes attended the opera, *Martha*, presented by the Kansas City Civic Grand Opera Company. All reported an enjoyable afternoon and I believe that some of the girls are aspirants to the Grand Opera.

THURSDAY, MAY 14. Mr. William Mentor Crosse, musical advisor, made his last visit to the College for the school year 1924-1925. He made favorable comments on the musical accomplishments of the students.

SUNDAY, MAY 18. A host of friends gathered in the auditorium in compliments to Miss Marion Pinnell who was presented in a graduation recital. Many familiar musical classics were included in her program. In the closing number, "Allegro Maestro," from the Concerto in D Minor of Mendelssohn, Miss Pinnell was assisted at a second piano by Mr. Crosse. With the completion of the recital, Marion was hailed "our graduate musician" for she well earned the title. We hope to hear Marion's touch often even though she is a graduate. Nellie Widman in a vocal solo, Lorene Soden in a musical reading, accompanied by Martha Soden with a violin obligato and Kathleen Soden at the piano afforded Marion an occasional rest throughout her recital.

Expression Notes

Helene Berger and Catherine Muehlschuster presented a joint expression recital in the College Auditorium Sunday afternoon, May 10th. We are very proud of these two talented girls who so successfully entertained their large audience. The program:

Reading—Roofs.....Joyce Kilmer

Crossing the Bar.....Tennyson

Catherine Muehlschuster

Violin, Virginia Rice

Monologue—At the Shoe Sale.....Dimick

Helene Berger

Piano—To a Water Lily.....MacDowell

Valse.....Chopin

Helen Ree Honan

Reading—The Swan Song.....Brooks

Catherine Muehlschuster

Pianologue—The Boy Who Stuttered.....Weslyn

The House By the Road.....Foss

Helene Berger

Character Sketch—Mammy's Lullaby

Catherine Muehlschuster

Reading—The Face of Christ.....Woods

Helene Berger

Monologue—The Bud Vase.....Moore

Catherine Muehlschuster

Voice—L'Heure Silencieuse.....Staub

To a Hill Top.....Cox

Nellie Widman

Play—Overtones.....Gerstenberg

Harriet, a cultured hostess.....Helene Berger

Hettie, her overtone.....

Mary Elizabeth Van Hee

Margaret, wife of a struggling artist

Catherine Muehlschuster

Maggie, her overtone.....Frances Coffey

The Seventh Grade for their graduation exercises presented this program:

Play—"The Arrow-Maker's Daughter"

Adapted from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*

Hiawatha, a boy.....Virginia Rice

Hiawatha, ten years later.....

Mary Frances Engleman

Iagoo, the boaster.....Virginia Groves

Nokomis.....Berenice Ake

Minnehaha.....Virginia Rice

Fever.....Gladys Venuto

Famine.....Stella Catherine Adams

Priest.....Mary Louise O'Haire

Arrow-Maker.....Hazel Robinson

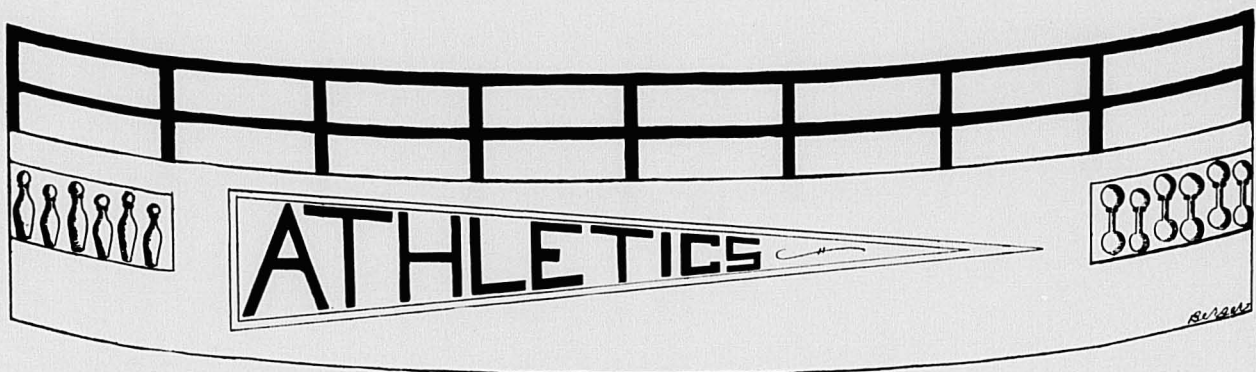
Indian Braves.....Sixth Grade

Indian Maids.....Fifth Grade

Birds.....Fourth Grade

Louie seeing Aurelia on the corner with a Ford in the ditch: "Have an accident?"

Aurelia: "No thanks, just had one."



Athletic Notes

COUNTRY CLUB FIELD MEET

The annual Country Club Community Field Meet was held on May 17th at the Country Day school. The schools wore costumes representing the different countries and Windmoor was very prominently set forth in costumes of Ireland, Sweden and Holland.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

As all tennis tournaments must come to a close, so did Windmoor's and the Queen of the Tennis Ball and Racket of S. T. C. now sits in her room 206 with the crown of Victory upon her curly head. She is one of the Bikes, to be more exact, Adeline Tolerton. Congratulations Adeline, we the College Freshies are proud of you.

ABOUT THE STATE LETTER

Found in the Gleam some time ago: "We think that some Windmoor College girls ought to go after and get the College Letter that the University of Missouri is offering for scholastic and athletic attainments."

The Senior College girls have been quite faithful to the different requirements in gaining the state letter and the following were successful:

Helen Ree Honan
Mary Randolph
Maureen Honan
Catherine Muehlshuster

The Freshmen College girls particu-

larly wish to thank Catherine Muehlshuster of the curly locks for saving them from defeat. However, they say they are reconciled by the fact that they started out well as a whole. Say the Freshmen:

"Remember our first hike to Martin City and how one of our party almost froze to death when honorable old Sol ceased to cast his rays upon us?"

"We suggest walking for Mary Margaret Killiger and Mildred Cohen to accumulate a powerful appetite for they were ready to dine in a picturesque cornfield before we really had a good start; oh, how glad they were that they waited and had lunch in that lovely restaurant with the filling station combined! And thanks to that dear old lady who gave Mary Elizabeth that old blue jacket with one pocket ripped off, and chicken feed in the other, but Mary Elizabeth still says denim or no denim it answered the purpose of sables."

"Though Lolita was the smallest in our party, I am sure she was the most ambitious, in fact she might still be walking if an engagement had not made her turn her steps back again to the 'Heart of America' and Windmoor."

* * *

Catherine Blizzard of the Senior Class Academy is to be especially congratulated on winning her State High School Letter as she was the only girl in the Academy who qualified for it. We hope that next year the Juniors and Seniors show the College girls a good race for that letter.

* * *

That stand the College girls took charge of on Field Day may not have been so decorative but it was certainly well patronized and Sister Clotilda and the girls seemed well pleased with the results.

THE SAINT TERESA FIELD MEET.

Our own annual Field Meet was held on the Campus, Tuesday, May 26th. The High School and Grade events were as follows:

High School:

Hurdles—
Elizabeth Ann Barber, 1st.
Billie Bellport, 2nd.
50-yard Dash—
Billie Bellport, 1st.
Elizabeth Ann Barber, 2nd.
100-yard Dash—
Catherine Blizzard, 1st.
High School Relay—
Juniors, 1st.
Sophomores, 2nd.
High Jump—
Billie Bellport, 1st.

Dorothy Buzby, 2nd.

Broad Jump—

Billie Bellport, 1st.

Grades:

High Jump—

Stella Catherine Adams, 1st.

Virginia Rice, 2nd.

50-yard Dash—

Stella Catherine Adams, 1st.

The cup for the best spirit in the grades was won by Mary Virginia Downey. The Courtesy Cup was won in the High School by Billie Bellport.

* * *

DANCING NOTES

Since the Dancing Recital, the usual lessons have been taking place. Examinations were given in dancing just the same as in every other subject. A novel feature of the test was the requirement that every girl compose a dance to her own choice of music and dance it as a demonstration of her terpsichorean ability. Many were the complaints and much the fun caused by this examination.

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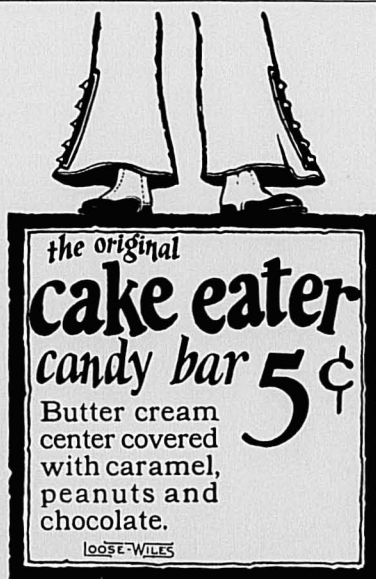
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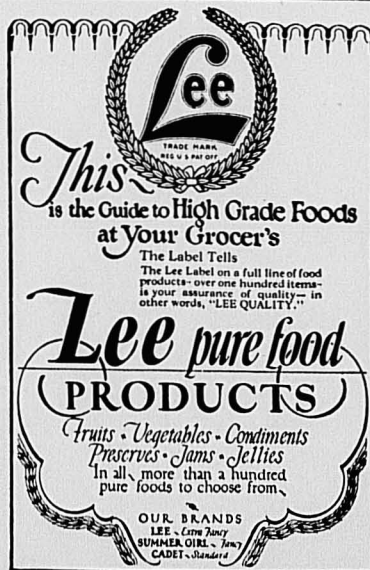
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